

“THE NEWLYWEDS” –

second edition

Another Proven Fake Injury from the Boston Marathon Bombing



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INTRODUCTION

By now everyone is familiar with the Boston Marathon bombing.

The government's current theory is that there was some sort of conspiracy, by at least two Chechen-Americans, and possibly some sort of hazy, undefined coalition of Muslims. Albeit, a conspiracy with no known motive yet. Nevertheless, that's their theory – the official conspiracy theory proffered by the government.

Now, let us consider an entirely different approach, because the government – all agencies of it – have frankly taken a very clumsy and unproductive approach to solving the problem. They have reached many dead ends, wasted millions upon millions of dollars to little effect, imposed martial law for nothing, and have suffered nothing but setbacks.

Instead, why don't we just look at the evidence.

When police first enter a crime scene, what do they do? Before anybody touches anything, they take lots and lots of pictures. Why? It's just common sense. Pictures are the easiest way by far to make the case, and prove what really happened, to anyone who needs to know.

Consider, for example, how NASA explores other planets. No one ever has set foot on them; just as we have never set foot on the crime scene. And yet, every picture from those far away places can tell you almost everything you really need to know. At least, short of taking it to a lab. Almost everything.

To the scientists at NASA, each picture is practically a gold mine of information. But, you don't have to be a scientist to understand that information. These guys can show it to you in a way that makes it crystal clear, whether you're a scientist or not.

It turns out, some true American heroes – amateur and professional alike – have provided the American people with such an ample trove of evidence, to help us solve the case. The photographers. Before saying anything else, hats off to you. Your work is noble, deeply appreciated, and vital to all who are free.

So let's help out our Public Servants. Let us protect all the American people, as one. Let us find the truth, for one another, using our own eyes.

* * *

I have come to call this photograph the “The Newlyweds.” The reason is simple. Aren’t they lovely together?



This is an image nearly everyone can relate to. We have the archetype of the muscular, protective man, who knows just what to do. Contrast with that, the relative frailness and vulnerability of the woman. (Apologies, of course, to more independent-minded ‘feminists’.)

If I were an American Male, I’d want to be right where he is. That makes me part of this action – not just a passive observer.

She also, presumably, is unable to walk – for she needs a robust and authoritative man to carry her to safety.

So why, then, is he *not* doing the correct thing to help her?

What I mean to say is, all of the “emergency responder” types must take

basic to advanced courses in first-aid and even life support. If he is the quintessential strong and competent American male, why on Earth is he forgetting his most basic lessons?

The proper treatment for such an injury, is not to pick up your would-be bride, to effortlessly glide her over the threshold. **That does nothing to stop the bleeding. Yes, *bleeding*.** No matter how overtly masculine you are, you will not have much of a future together, if you let your new beautiful bride perish from hypovolemic shock!

Let me show you what I mean.

At first, I thought maybe he hadn’t noticed the *steady stream of red liquid emanating* from her left leg. But if you look closely, he seems to have a little of the same red liquid on his blue nitrile glove. That means - unlike almost all of the other emergency responders in this play - he at least loved her enough to go through the motions with her.

The proper treatment is to apply pressure with a dressing, or apply pressure to the wound by hand. That stops the bleeding.

But only if you’re bleeding real blood.

Clearly the red liquid from her invisible “injury” does not appear to be blood. **It didn’t clot.** Well, at least he tried.



Note the red liquid on her uninjured feet has neither darkened, nor has it dried. It is also transparent – not semi-opaque, like real blood.

Some might assume that the red, pink, and blue bandanna under her knee is an attempt at applying a tourniquet to stop this “bleeding.” It might appear to be a “blood soaked tourniquet” from a great distance, but certainly not here. A fashion accessory, perhaps – but far too loose to stop this or any other “bleeding.” Could the oddly placed bandanna serve to hold or conceal the slight bulge of a blood bag?

Notice from this second view, that the bandana or sash oddly reaches up to, and past her knee. It actually covers a considerable area – more than enough to conceal such a bag. Like a standard plastic I.V. bag, these have thin tubing attached, about the size of cooked spaghetti. The tubing is easily concealed under clothing.



Remember, the government theorizes that these people here were subjected to a “shrapnel bomb” – a wicked device used in warfare – **much like a hand grenade – only much, much larger.** And much more devastating.

Such a bomb, if used, would cause injury *not* so much by blast, but rather by driving metal fragments called “shrapnel” in all directions. The government theorizes that the “bombs” in question used lots of “nails and metal pellets”, as said shrapnel.

If this lovely lady had been hit by nails - traveling at about the same speed as bullets - one would expect to see corresponding gashes in her clothing and skin. Numerous. And they would bleed a lot.

The problem is, there is no visible evidence of any such injuries – **at all**. Fortunately, her tight-fitting and attractive clothing gives us the perfect opportunity to check thoroughly for such penetrations, from two different angles.



Her skin that is not shrapnel-torn.

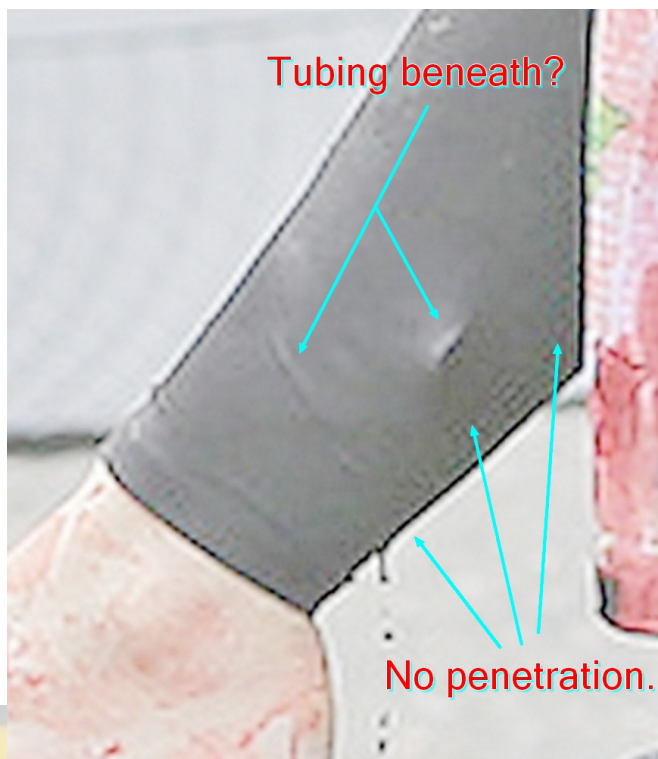
Blood darkens on exposure to air - then turns brown and flaky as it dries.

This stuff doesn't.



Anywhere.

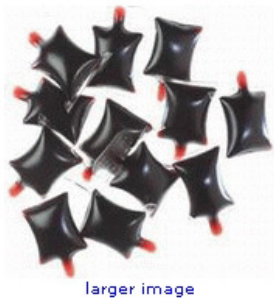




Hard to say about where the tubing is. Maybe here. Maybe it is on the inner side of her legs, where people are less likely to look.



So, you don't have the time or inclination to really get injured, to persuade a man to pick you up? Just connect one of these to a tiny tube, slip it in, and you too will be "good to go"!



[larger image](#)

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Didn't it all fit under the sash?

SHOCKING UPDATE: Why Squeeze the Knees?

This has to come under the heading of "*sorry, but you asked for it.*" Remember I was saying the blood supply tubing was "maybe ... on the inner side of her legs, where people are less likely to look"? A photograph was discovered to include the *Newlywed*, as she reclined on a gurney, relaxing. They had covered her shapely thighs with a sheet to preserve her modesty. However, it seems she may have relaxed a little too much...



I didn't notice it was her, until at last I recognized her signature sash.

She's making a brief appearance with the fake chest wound lady, who is now floating in fake blood.

Notice how she is beginning to relax, perhaps thinking too much on the absence of her handsome rescuer.

Now her knees are no longer together and... what's *that*?

Let's look closer...



Now we're getting somewhere.

For reasons which seem to defy explanation, there are two strips of bandage tape inside of her thigh.

Do not think me a *voyeur*, for wanting to **look even a little closer still...**



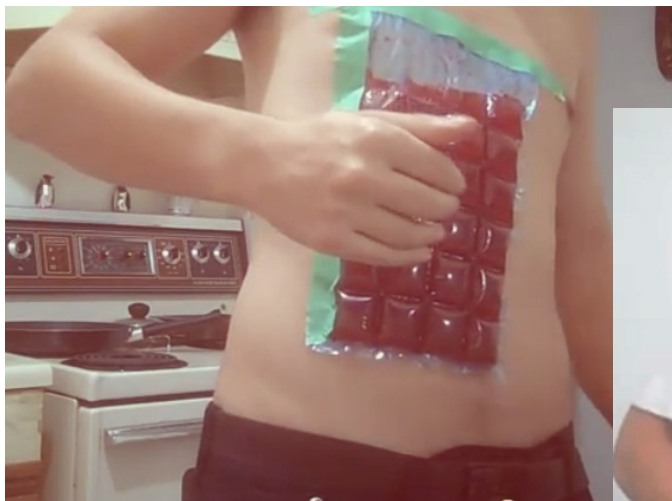
Aaaaah yes, that's it! This crafty gal has indeed **slipped some plastic tubing** down the inner portions of her thigh, through a little hole, and then down under the decorative sash – *exactly as I had conjectured!*

All held in position by some not too discreet tape.

So where is the blood packet hidden, exactly? Well - follow the tubing. Any further, however, and we risk unnecessarily compromising her modesty.

How does she *control the flow* of the fake blood? I leave any further discussion to your imagination alone - for my point is amply proven.

Another 100% fake injury.



An **honest** actor (*Wesk Jago*) tapes on a plastic body blood pack, or "squib." It is then concealed under shirt until needed (*left*).



The same blood pack in action (*right*).

